

THE RUTLAND CONVENTION

Dear readers have all heard more or less of the proceedings of the Convention of Reformers lately held at Rutland, Vermont. That Convention has been almost universally represented by the press. The *Tribune* distinguishes itself by permitting its reporter to travesty its proceedings in a grossly insulting imitation of Benajah's *Harold*, and in sundry other journals having followed its lead, presenting, in the character it has had previously borne, that its statements were worthy of some degree of confidence. In its acquaintance with journalism, we have never witnessed a spectacle more disgusting than that presented by the *Tribune* in thus shamming its honorable past and abusing the confidence of its readers.

In that Convention there were quite a number of persons

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the formidable body, politically and ecclesiastically—always as if cold and cruel. Being a well-to-do people, they are not keeping things just as they are.

"We may be sure, therefore, that all such gatherings as that at Rutland must encounter the enemy of all shades of bunkers; so I hope that all shades of bawdy and earnest reformers will, as far as possible, cultivate kind feelings towards each other, and so bring the bunkers—not to our feet, but to their senses."

griety and properly listed. Mrs. Branch was very nervous. She freed her mind in about fifteen minutes. The Convention then discussed what was said about free love. The free love resolution was adopted. It did not occupy much more time than free love—two or three minutes being all. More words have been read and more resolutions passed. I have not got the floor, and very seldom do. I was unfairly moved to amend by stating that all were the same 'revolved,' and substituting a totally new subject, and then followed with a long speech about free love. The Convention was switched on upon another track. The free love free love track was out of sight in a twinkling—the lawyer's track.

Women's Rights proper had at least of a larger share of the time of the Convention than any other reform. It was very glad that I had. I can conceive of other reform more world-wide or more just. Man can be made to feel that he ought to respect and ensure that women gets her rights. Rights and personal freedom, and thus punished himself and woman too. The Convention to generation he has grasped the lion's share! He has been cultivating and developing his own power, and neglecting, if not enslaving, woman. Now he is fully aware of his wrong, and he is obliged to make amends with such as there are, or none, which is the case for the thousands upon thousands of unhappy marriages which fill the world with badly organized children at his door his progress.

To remember how the woman question arose

Good NEWS FROM ENGLAND.—In the House of Commons, on the 12th inst., Mr. Hutt moved a resolution de-

clearing it expedient to discontinue the practice of attaching men-of-war to visit and search vessels under foreign flags, with a view of suppressing the slave trade, and to employ the same force to suppress the traffic efforts on the Coast of Africa. This motion was supported by Milner Gibson.

Mr. Cardwell declared that England had been successful in her efforts to suppress the slave trade, and of her duty to suppress the trade would establish a universal system of piracy on the African Coast. He then urged the continuance of the blockading squadron there.

Mr. Fitzgerald, on the part of the Government, agreed that it was the duty of the Government to suppress the trade to France; the establishment of a Commission on the spot to inquire into the free labor system lately established. With regard to America, he had the satisfaction of stating that the difficulties he had experienced in the execution of his duties in respect to the efforts to the effect that Mr. Cass had told him that the course taken by the British ministry was worthy of a great country, and he (Cass) had assured Lord Napier that the satisfactory declarations of the British Government were the most earnest consideration to any proposals that might be suggested to them for the verification of the nationality

The Regina King, the French vessel which was lately wrecked off the coast of Liberia, arrived from Sierra Leone, Captain Simon and Dr. Brualah (the surgeon who was miraculously saved from the general massacre) were in the vessel. They warmly greeted by their friends as they landed. Brualah proceeded at once to his native town, Yarmouba. There he found a letter from the Minister of State, Nyanbo, informing him that the Emperor, who had given the young King, Kossollo, the title of Majesty's son-in-law, on account of some fact which he had displayed during two days of night, in which his life was threatened by his enemies, had granted him a pension of 1,800 francs for his private purse.

LIBERIA AND THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Government of Liberia is officially charged with giving aid to the French Government in the prosecution of its efforts to suppress the slave trade. The fact alone, so far as the Liberi-ans are concerned, affords no reason for re-

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Miscellaneous Department.

A CURSE FOR A NATION.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Prologue.

I heard an angel speak last night,

And I overheard him say—

Write a Nation's curse for me,

And send it to the East Sea.

I altered, taking up the word—

Not so, my lord!

If curves must be, choose inward—

To send thy curse against my brother.

"For I am bound by gratitude,

In love and blood,

To brothers of mine who live on the sea,

Who have stretched out kindly hands to me."

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write

My curse to the East Sea.

From the mountains of love a curse is driven

As lightning from the towers of heaven.

"Not so!" the voice of "Erewhon"

My heart is sore

For my own hands sink for the little feet

Of children bleeding along the street.

"For parted-up knowers, that galaxy

The right way of

For almost through a door to the

Not open enough for two doors to kiss.

"For an allegorical poet,

And classic poet,

What comes to another land nestled

That heavy cloud of "the mist of"?

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write

My curse to the East Sea.

Because I have heard of the sea and have

As I'll think down with thy gaze."

"Not so!" I answered once again—

To the East Sea, my lord!

For I, a woman, have only known

How the best mothers love their own down."

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write

My curse to the East Sea.

There are women who weep and cry, I say

That the East Sea is not a day.

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